

SOME KINDLY COMMENTS.

An English Paper's Allusions to Miss Winnie Davis's Death.

The Daily Telegraph of London, which claims to have the largest circulation of any paper in the world, prints in its issue of September 23d the following editorial on the death of Miss Winnie Davis: "Time," said the Greek poet, "is a

The Daily Telegraph of London, which claims to have the largest circulation of any paper in the world, prints in its is-

orial on the death of Miss Winnie Davis:
"Time," said the Greek poet, "is a
kindly god," and there could hardly be a
more kindly god than the one who is

Davis, daughter of the celebrated Jefferson Davis, the champion of the South. Only some thirty years have elapsed since the whole Continent of North America was rent by one of the most sanguinary of civil wars which ever desolated a nation.

and breadth of the land the heretofore patri-
 otions were aroused, the deadliest hatreds
 divided members of the same Commonwealth,
 wealth, and drove kinsmen into fratricidal
 strife. The watchwords of North and
 South, of Federal and Confederate, signi-
 fied all the difference in the world in
 ideas, in sympathies, and in character,
 and when, in 1865, the long battle was
 over, and Jefferson Davis was captured
 in his hurried flight from Richmond, his
 faithful adherents had no other wish or

of the South and their hated enemy hanging from "a sour apple tree." He would have seemed a rash prophet who declared that in the course of a single generation the animosity would die down and the two divided members of the community form once more a single nation. Yet the day before yesterday, Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy, beloved by every Southerner as the image and symbol of their hopes and their lost leader's ideals, died in Rhode Island, and the whole of New York is overpowered by

It is, of course, some thirty years since her mother, elected to live in the Girard House, in New York, after the ruin of their beautiful southern home; but the strength of character and that personal charm which had made her an idol in her native country, had long since conquered the heart of those who had once been her enemies, and converted them into friends. Nevertheless, it is a wonderful testimony to the healing effects of time that the daughter of the man who, above all others, represented the Confederate spirit, should have won her way so speedily into the sympathies and affections of her ancestral foes, and added to the old moralist, the new lesson, to do good to your enemies, though they might some day become our enemies, and our enemies as likely to develop into friends.

Davis, took to the Girard House, in New York, after the ruin of their beautiful southern home; but the strength of character and that personal charm which had made him an idol in the hearts of his slaves had won over the hearts of his masters, and he had won his enemies, and converted them into the staunchest of friends. Nevertheless, it is a wonderful testimony to the healing effects of time that the daughter of the man who, above all others, represented the Christian spirit, should have won her way so speedily into the sympathies and affections of her ancestral foes. According to the old moralist, we are bound to treat our friends as our enemies, and our enemies as our friends. To our enemies, as friendly to develop into friends

and one which is not easily realized among imperfect and wayward men. Therefore, is the fact that in certain races, and under certain conditions of civilization, it is not always true that "to be worthy with one is to be worthy with all." In the "harem," civil wars do not in every instance leave the deepest wounds, and the hands which have been joined in amity and the common fellowship of civil life.

Unfortunately, this is by no means the case in all cases. There are racial discords which never seem to die, but go on perpetuating themselves from generation to generation. Nothing, except the passage of time, has ever made Carthaginians and Romans friends, or have induced a Greek to live on terms of real intimacy with a Mohammedan. The law of nature, which forbids a lasting alliance between the Teuton and the Gaul; nor is it even probable that the Turk and the States will live

and the historian note that even to this day the memories of Waterloo are not forgotten, and many a man has passed the day of Sedan can be obliterated from a Frenchman's mind. In instances like these we are dealing, of course, with those intrinsic contrasts of character and temperament which exist between the two races—contrasts which seem almost if not altogether ineffaceable by the lapse of countless years. Within the limits of our own country are only too conspicuous examples of it. It is the Englishman to understand the disposition of a Celt, while the contemporary condition of Austria-Hungary, and also, to some extent, of Sweden, may prove the reality of the consciousness of race to bring rival nationalities within the same social and economic fold. No insuperable chasm divided North from South in the American civil war, although when the strife was over the two combatants succeeded in burying the hatchet precisely as in this country the Yorkists and the Lancastrians were fused together after the bloody wars of the middle ages. It is not due to add that the northern races forget their differences more readily than the southern. The

colder temperament in these cases be-
lieves, if not generosity, at least the
speedier philosophy of the "advance-
ment" of the other hand, the pas-
sionate ardour, the sentimental enthu-
siasm of the Latin nations render their
memories more tenacious of their quar-
rels. We do not desire unduly to
narrow the range of the line of
from which we are sprung; but it seems
to be the teaching of history that the
Anglo-Saxons can forgive and forget
while Frenchmen and Spaniards and
Italians are in their resent-
ments. The explanation of this fact—
fact it be—may be differently stated ac-
cording to the point of view from which
it is regarded. We may be said to feel
less acutely, and to be more phlegmatic
both in our attachments and our dis-
likes or the effects of that public school
discipline which creates the closest boy-
ish friendships out of some royl baut or
flusterings may lead to a more gener-
ous and indulgent opinion towards other folk
with whom we have fought hard and
valourously. Be this as it may, it is a
pleasure for us to note that in the Anglo-
Saxon community across the Atlantic the
discords of North and South, and the
in the States and the Federals and Con-
federates can mingle their tears over the
grave of Winnie Davis.

MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

**The Generous Comments of a Great
English Paper.**
(London Daily Telegraph.)

We deeply regret to announce that Miss
Winifred Varina Davis, the youngest
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis
died on Sunday last at New York, after
a short illness at New York Island. Miss Win-
nie Davis, as she was universally called,

the middle of the tremendous civil war between the Northern and Southern States, which lasted from April, 1861, to April, 1865. So closely was she identified with that fratricidal struggle throughout the Southern States affected for her father, whose memory is now warmly cherished in "Dixie Land" as was at one time unjustly vilified in our quarters, caused his youngest daughter to be regarded with peculiar interest.

the "Child of the Confederacy." She came into the world at a moment when the adherents of the "Lost Cause" were under a dark cloud—their cause, they believed, after the defeat at Stone Wall, Jackson, was lost to the South cannot be even estimated, for with it all the victories previously gained by General Lee disappeared.

After the war Mr. and Mrs. Davis and the young lady, whose premature death we have now to deplore, came to Germany. He edited the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and she her affectionate heart responded like the "sensitive plant" of Shelley to the rays of learning which shone upon her in the land of Goethe and Schiller. Writing to an old friend in 1874 she said: "I have grown very old and feeble, and the long years of calm retrospection mixed with heavy trials and sorrows have left me with enlarged sympathies."

at
companied by many of the disa-
old age. The estates left to me by
husband were all in cotton planta-
and brought in so little revenue that
daughter, Winnie, and I, in order to
literary work, live in an apartment
New York. Our home, on the Gulf